SPN Michael/Lucifer: “Bitter was their parting that should endure beyond the ends of the world.”

Post S5 in the cage Michael/Lucifer, PG-13 ish.

Lucifer is standing at the edge of the cage, forehead leaning against the boundary. (Which is sometimes a wall, sometimes bars, sometimes empty uncrossable air. Today it is a wall.)

Michael is watching him, hands clenching and unclenching, and he feels like a great weight is crushing him, breaking him beneath its strain.

It's not a new feeling. Michael feels it every single time he watches Lucifer, and he knows that it means he should say something. Do something.

But Lucifer has yet to look at him, to do more than his initial rage at coming back to here.

Michael says something, and realizes that he said it a minute later. "It was duty. We were soldiers."

Lucifer jerks, and it's an almost mechanical motion as he turns around to look at Michael. "We were brothers, made to fight." His tone is bitter.

"I loved you as a brother," Michael says, feeling heavy and slow as he says the words. "Back then."

Lucifer is all bright eyes and quick movements, once he begins to move and speak, and Michael watches him approach. They both know that they will never leave this cage, not without someone else's intervention.

"It doesn't matter what we are, here," Lucifer says, and there is defeat in his eyes. Michael thinks that he understands: Lucifer must have fought for years in this space to remember himself, remember his rage and pain, and now - only now - defeated he can let it go.

"I can't let it go." Michael says simply. He probably won't be able to, not for years, and not without the fading of memories. He's afraid, suddenly, that he might lose the will to fight to remember and retain identity, down here.

"We're warm bodies. That's all." Lucifer says. With a history and names that are famous, Michael thinks.

Michael stares at Lucifer, and Lucifer stares back, and Lucifer breaks it to dart forward and crush Michael into a kiss, hard and hot and Michael is moving too slowly to get away from it.

But all at once he regains his speed and the weight is gone, and he throws Lucifer back. "No." He says, clearly. "No."

Lucifer looks at him, leaning against the wall again, and he says.

"Not yet."

And Michael knows that this is true.